

June 7
09:00

Darling,

This is the first time I have written you for about 10 days, as it has seemed so futile to write letters I couldn't possibly mail; moreover, what could be said was so limited. The big news that broke yesterday, however, now enables us to say a little more than we could up to now.

Our life for the past 10 days has been one of suspended expectancy mixed with a sense of boredom & frustration. To wait, all cooped up on a boat, and do nothing, meanwhile expecting momentarily to move into the big adventure, is a strange dreamy existence. Cards & books - monotony - undercurrent of tension which occasionally breaks out - loss of all sense of contact with the world and its peoples - no mail either way - sleep and more sleep - eat and gripe and joke and ponder -

This show is colossal! And the test is yet to come - the total test, and thousands on thousands of individual and personal tests. For who can guess or know what he will do when the time comes? How soon?

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We hang on the radio for news, as you must be doing, and, needless to say, we are taking a very personal interest in what they have to say. The magnitude of all the events is beyond belief. Some of it we have seen; most of it, as yet, not. May God grant a steady forward momentum to our work.

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June 10 - Somewhere in France

Shortly after writing the above, an end came to our prelude, and the curtain went up on the big show. I only wish I could tell you about it, mais c'est interdit. Suffice it to say I am well and intact, tho' tired. In the past three days we have been in the middle of things - have seen about all there is to see - experienced all the experiences - and have been busy doing what we came here to do. So all is well.

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